

FLOOEY

(Axel's Mascot Is Mistaken for What He Is NOT.)

BY VIC



Inside the Ring

with the

Great Fighters

by

Charley White.

Cal McCarthy, Who Revived the 115-Pound Featherweight Class, Was a Product of the Scottish-American A. C. of Jersey City When Amateur Bouts Were the Real Thing in New York and the Vicinity.

Charles (Cal) McCarthy.

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"CAL" MCCARTHY was the second featherweight champion of America at 115 pounds, Johnny Warren being the first. The title did not descend from Warren to McCarthy.

As was stated in the first article on the featherweight division, there was for many years a state of confusion in regard to the 115-pound limit. Tommy Warren was the first recognized featherweight champion of America, fighting at 125 pounds. But the 115-pound championship disappeared when Warren was beaten by Ike Weir in 1887, fighting at 117 pounds. When Billy Murphy won the title from Weir out in San Francisco he weighed 115½ pounds, and he lost it to Johnnie Griffin at Coney Island in 1893 at 122 pounds. The latter then lost the crown to Solly Smith at Hoboken, Ind., during the same year; also at 122 pounds. And when Solly Smith lost it to George Dixon the weight went back to 115 pounds.

But while "Australia" Billy Murphy, Johnnie Griffin and Solly Smith were being acclaimed throughout the West as featherweight champions of the world at 122 pounds the Eastern contingent were boosting Cal McCarthy, and after him George Dixon as champions of the class at 115 pounds. Their fights were all around 115 pounds, and they were sometimes known as bantams, but mostly as featherweights. The amateur featherweight division weight limit was 115 pounds. McCarthy was generally looked upon as featherweight champion of America at 115 pounds until his defeat by George Dixon at Troy in 1891. The little colored boy then held the championship in America at this weight, and afterward the world's title. His defeat of Solly Smith in 1893 reconciled the conflicting weights and wiped out the distinction between the 115 and the 122-pound class.

McCarthy Revived Old Class.

As will be seen from the foregoing, the task of today to revive the 115-pound Cal McCarthy in an unbroken line is practically impossible. McCarthy didn't inherit the title from any one; he simply revived the 115-pound championship, which had dropped out of the featherweight division when Warren began fighting at a higher weight. Nevertheless, McCarthy was just as much of a champion at the original American weight as were Weir, Murphy, Griffin and Smith at the higher limit.

Charles, or "Cal" McCarthy, as he was generally known, was born in Jersey City, as has been frequently said, but in Susquehanna, Pa. The date of his entrance upon this busy little globe was Oct. 4, 1896. When "Cal" was about six years old his parents moved to Jersey City, in which place McCarthy lived until his death in 1895. The boy's early training in the use of his fists was acquired around the lots of Jersey City. He stayed with this company for several years and then secured a similar position for a steel and wire company in Manhattan. When he was about eighteen years old McCarthy joined the Scottish-American Athletic Club in Jersey City. He did not take up boxing at first, but devoted himself to cross-country running and became a member of the club's cross-country team. There were quite a number of these amateur athletic clubs in the vicinity of New York at that time. In Manhattan there were the New York C. C., the Pastime A. C., the West Side A. C., and the Manhattan A. C.; in Brooklyn, the Varuna Boat Club and the Nassau A. C.; in Jersey City, the Scottish-American A. C. and the Jersey City A. C. There was also the National Amateur Athletic Association of America, the "N and Aa" as it was called.

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Tiger Leader Says His Club Would Have Walk-Over With New York Staff.

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Jimmy Larkin, now Chief of Police of Jersey City, was the amateur ten-mile cross-country champion of America and the 122-pound amateur champion boxer of New Jersey. He later turned professional and put up many a rattling good scrap, challenging Ike Weir and fighting with Johnnie Griffin down at Coney Island. Another member was "Chap" Moran, who went over to England and won the 106-pound amateur championship of that country. Another good boxer of the same weight was Pete Skiffman. And the other clubs contained just about as good a list as did this one.

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When every one was inside the doors were locked, a space was cleared, a ring erected by passing the ropes in pillar to pillar and the tournament began. Little McCarthy made good his boast. He entered the 110-pound class and came through victoriously, defeating three youthful aspirants.

Everything included except the evening clothes. Imported and domestic weaves. Counterparts of the things the exclusive tailors—not the manufacturers—used this year.

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erty he was yanked as part payment for the services of George Moriarty. The failure to try out more fully Warhop and Cree is one of the few blunders of the Jennings administration. But Hughie regarded Cree as a doubtful experiment and Warhop as too small to be ever of any real use as a big league pitcher.

Yesterday Hughie watched Ford work on the Tigers with scantily disguised admiration. Russell was at his best, cool, calculating and pitching through out with that peculiar deliberate accuracy which characterizes his work. Ford made no particular effort to steam the ball through at speed, but cut loose his famous three-pronged spitter as if throwing it at a certain mark every time, the target being obviously the point where the batsman who happened to be at the plate found it hardest to hit. Though the Tigers got more runs than usual, and did a little effective hitting now and then, it was plain that the Hilltop star held them in the palm of his hand and was only working good-naturedly on the lead which his mates had given him in the opening inning, when they had virtually sewed the game up by landing on George Mullin for five hits, including Johnson's clean-up double.

New York Outfield Played Badly.

The game also illustrated the truth of Jennings' remark concerning the New York outfield. Barring Cree, who has played fine and consistent ball against the Tigers, the outer gardens of the New York outfit were badly played in nearly every game of the series. Volter, in particular, was away from his position, unable to judge and hold short fly balls, while Hemphill, though troublesome at the bat, was similarly weak on short line drives. Volter was badly shown up by Crawford yesterday in the eighth inning in which he ran in, backed up and then muffed Sam's fly. Harry then picked

the ball up and tossed it straight in the air in a fit of pique. The wahoo person was on the alert and dashed for second base, which he made without a chance for a play. Of course, the Yankees nevertheless scored two runs as a direct result of the play and were enabled to come within distance of one good batting rally. It so happened that they didn't have this in their systems. Locally Bert is esteemed a more dangerous man at the bat than either Volter or Hemphill, and the superior of either of them in the field.

Detroit boys are glad that the Hilllanders have gone and gladder still because they won't be back. They have surely wrecked the local team's penance without materially assisting themselves and it is only their hope that in the games which Chase's men have to play with the Athletics, they will be able to bring to bear the same great pitching, timely batting and brilliant base running which they have had on tap so regularly when facing the Tigers.

Chase was considerably worried last night over the blow on the head which Mullin handed Knight, and the High-

landers are inclined to think that the crack was really the result of big George's pique over the savage manner in which the visitors had assailed his offerings. It was noticeable that he had hit Knight just before with a pitched ball. In that case, however, Evans refused to allow Jack to walk. The Highlanders believe that, confronted in a pinch by a man who had been doing the brilliant batting Knight had furnished all through the series, Mullin made up his mind that he would send one man to first who might, if allowed to hit, work even more damage to the score.

There was no questioning Knight's intention to get out of the way of the second pitch which Mullin handed up. It was a fast ball and it fell dead where it struck. Knight rolled over like a log, and there rose from the bleachers the shout that he had been killed. His mates poured cold water over his head, however, and he manfully insisted on playing, though Manager Chase benched him a few minutes later.

At the hotel after the game, Knight suffered from fits of dizziness and nausea. He insisted on leaving with the team for Chicago, however, and predicted that he would be all right in the morning. Knight was playing great ball here, and his holding and batting had been features for the series.

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FALL RIVER MAN PITCHES HIS SECOND NO-HIT GAME.

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the second time this season Blum, a pitcher on the Fall River team of the New England League, pitched a no-hit, no-run game. As on the other occasion, his opponent was Lawrence. Only one Lawrence player reached second base. Blum passed three men to first and struck out five players. Both teams played an errorless game. Fall River won by a score of 2 to 0 in the unusually quick time of one hour and nineteen minutes.

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Crouse-Berger Bout in Boston Results in Draw

(Special to The Evening World.)

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